

GOLD



THE FLINTSTONES

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HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

10006-503
MARCH



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

A RELATIVE PROBLEM

GOOD MORNING, BARNEY! OLD CHUM! LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED? YOU GOT PROBLEMS?

I FEEL GREAT, BARN! NOT A WORRY IN THE WORLD!

GEE, THAT'S UNUSUAL... I MEAN, SWELL!

WHY, I FEEL LIKE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

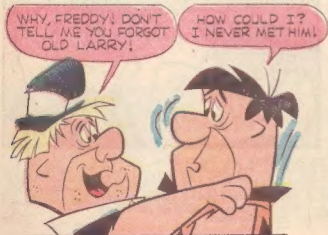
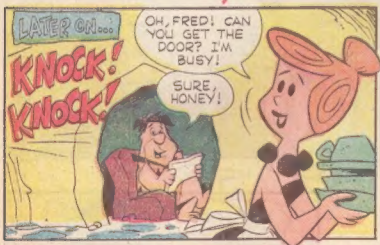
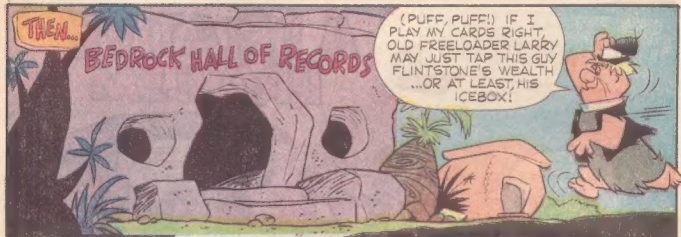
HOW ABOUT HITTIN' YOU FOR A LOAN? HEH, HEH!

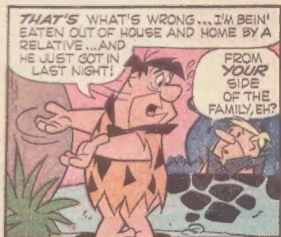
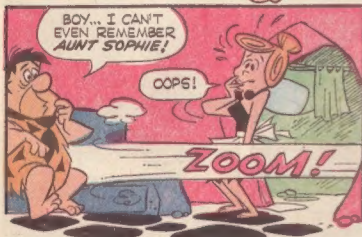
RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

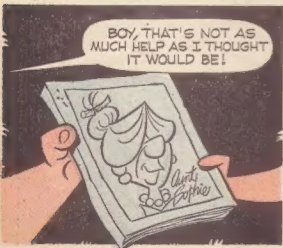
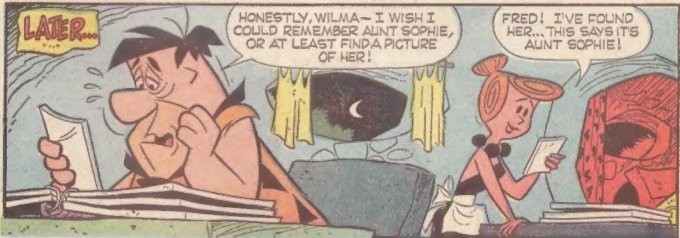
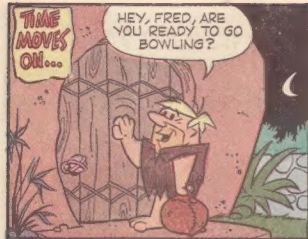
HMM... FRED FLINTSTONE, EH?

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HI, FOLKS!

BARNEY!

WHERE'S LARRY?

HE'S STILL DOWN AT THE BOWLING ALLEY SNACK BAR, EATIN' HAMBURGERS!

HE IS?

YABBA DABBA DOO!

THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HAD!

HOW'S THAT?

DON'T YA SEE... HE MUST HAVE RECEIVED **MONEY FROM HOME** AND HAS DECIDED TO START EATING OUT!

BUT HE HASN'T RECEIVED ANY MAIL, FRED!

HE HASN'T?

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

HE'S BUYIN' THE HAMBURGERS WITH THE MONEY HE MADE FROM SELLIN' YOUR BOWLING BALL!

YICK!

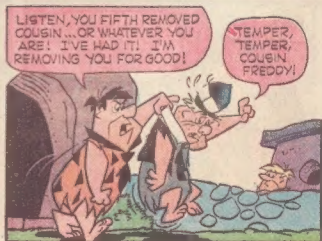
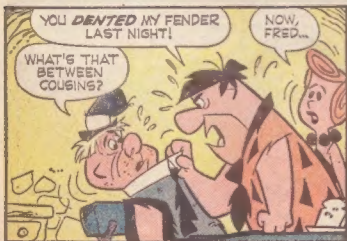
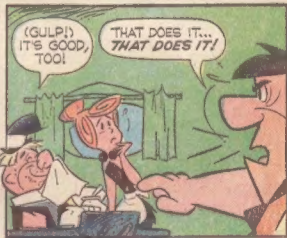
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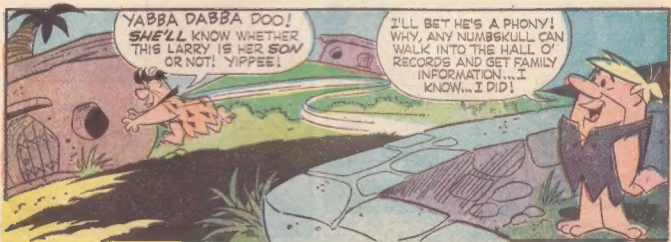
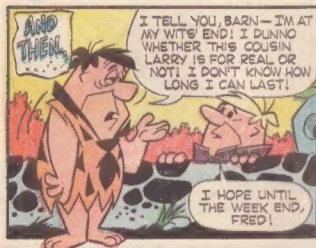
WILMA! WHAT'LL I PUT ON TO WEAR TO THE DANCE TONIGHT?

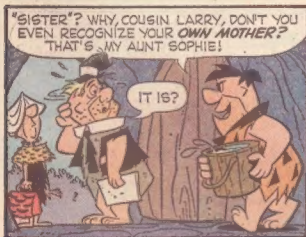
NOTHING!

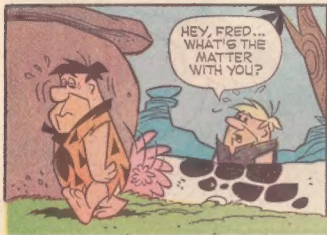
HUH?

AT THE LAST MINUTE, OUR BABY SITTER, MISS STONEAGE, WAS ASKED TO THE DANCE, HERSELF!

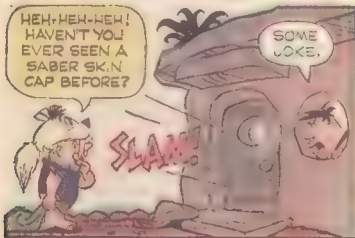
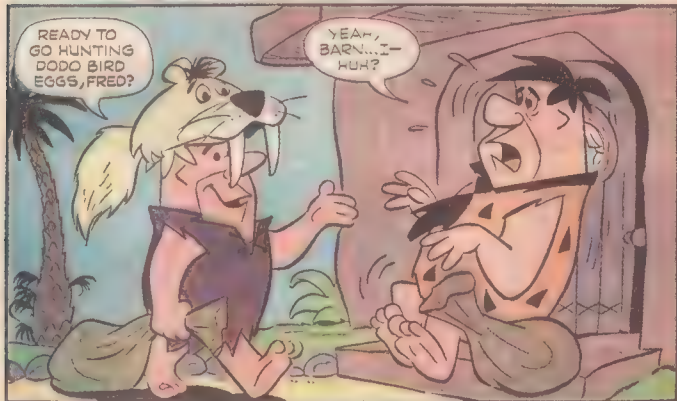


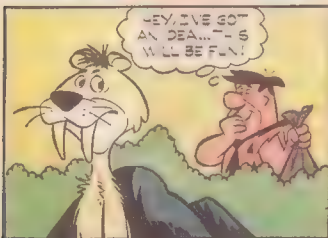
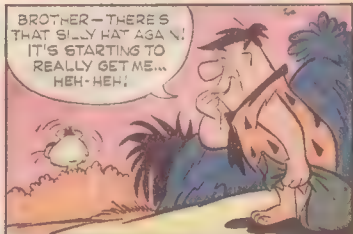
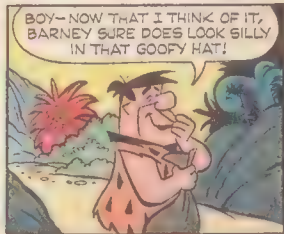
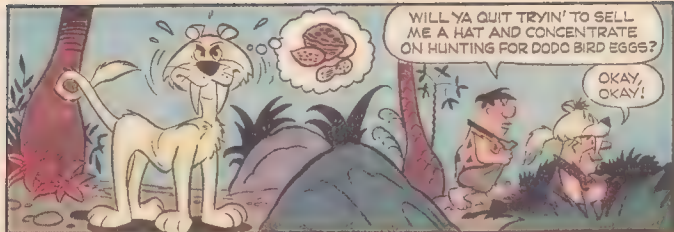


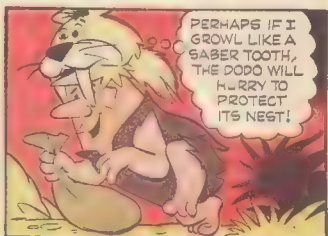
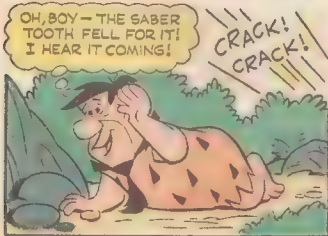
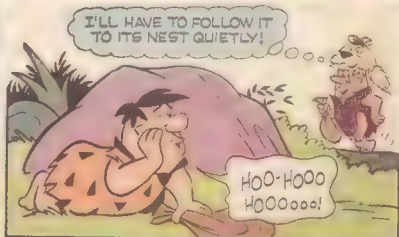
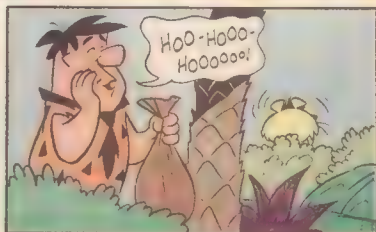
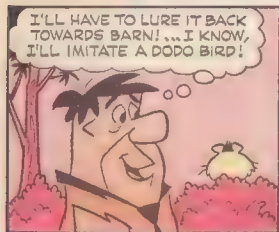
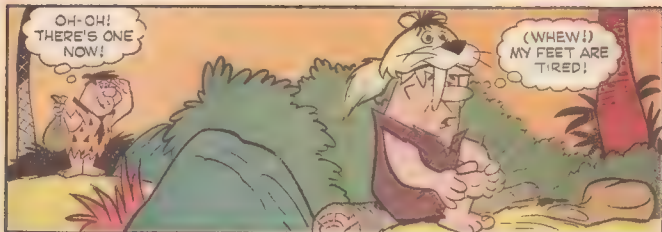


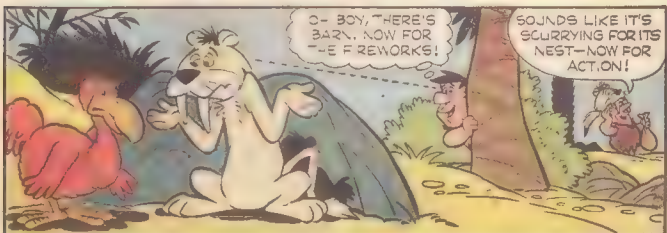
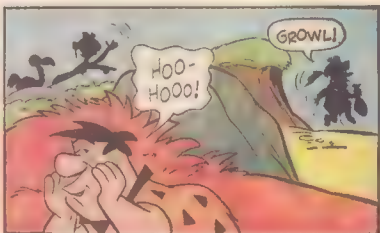
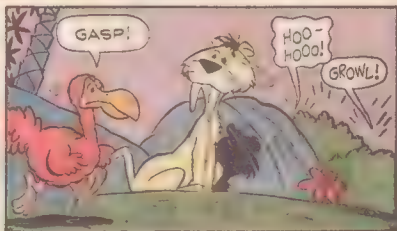
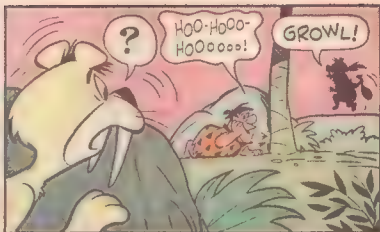


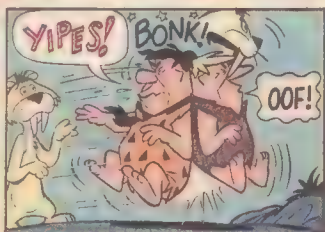
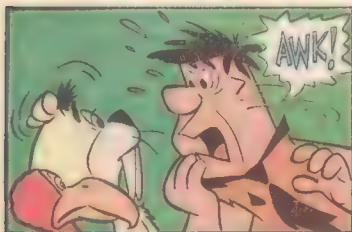
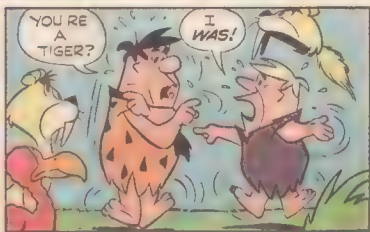
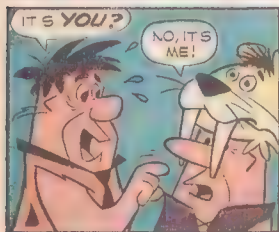
THE GREAT DODO HUNT

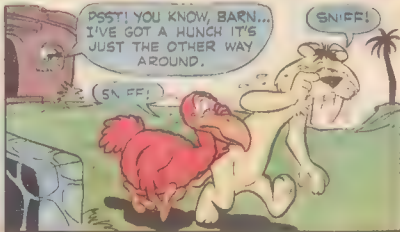
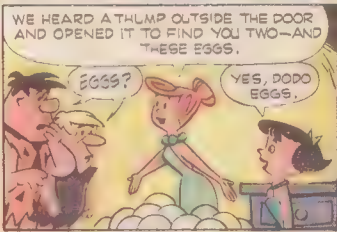
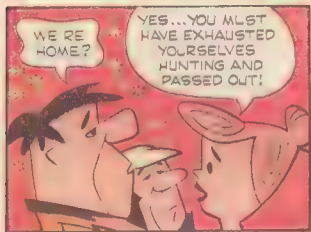
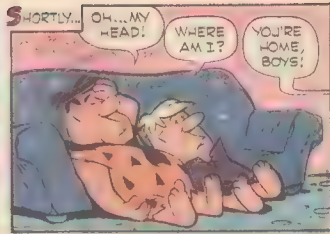
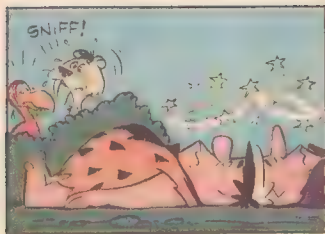




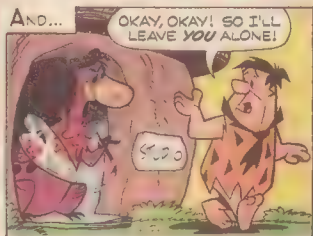
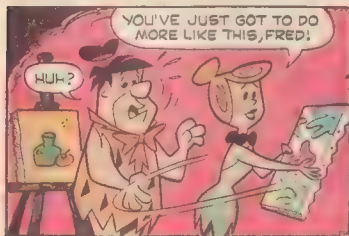
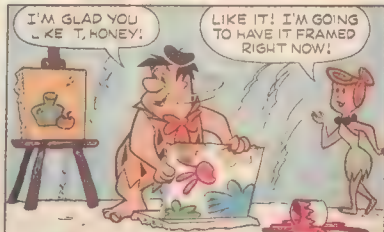
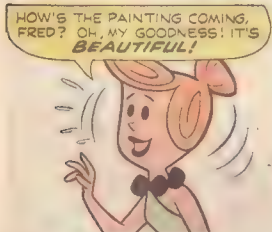
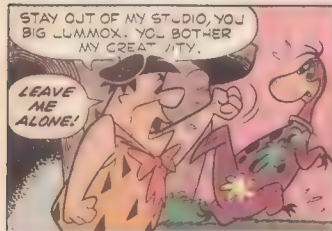
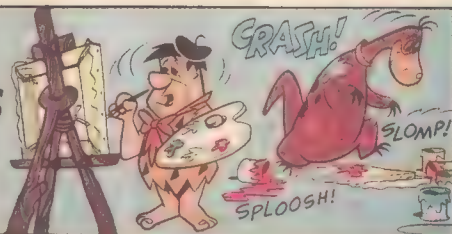




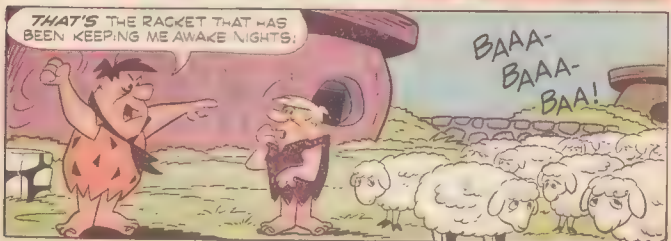
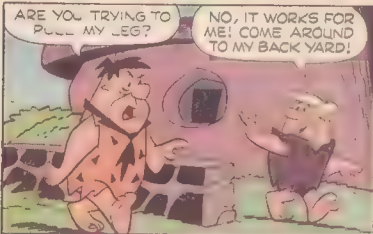
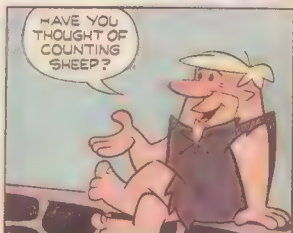
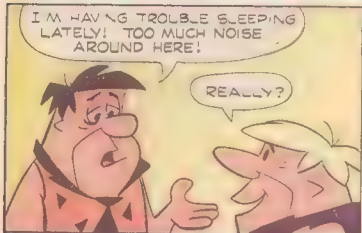




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HOW TO CATCH A CROOK



One fine morning, early but not necessarily bright, Perry Gunnite was driving to his office. Suddenly he stopped and gulped, for there in the window of the office next to his was a new sign which read:

SAM SLATE — PRIVATE EYE — DETECTING DONE CHEAP — WE GIVE TRADING STAMPS

Lounging at the door was a big fellow with a cigar in his mouth. Perry jerked to a stop and jumped out of the car.

"Are you Sam Slate?" he asked, and the big fellow allowed that he was.

"What's the idea of starting a detective business next to mine?" demanded Perry.

The big fellow flicked a cigar ash onto Perry's hat. "Any law against it?" he asked, coolly. "Besides, I figure this town could use a good private eye. From what I've heard, you couldn't detect your way out of bed without a map!"

Perry seethed with righteous indignation. "That's not true! I've detected my way out of bed lots of times! I'm a sleepwalker!" he retorted.

Sam flicked another ash off his cigar. "Tell you what, sonny," he said, "this town isn't big enough for both of us! What do you say we settle the matter once and for all with a crook-catching contest? The first one to bring a lawbreaker to justice by 9 o'clock this morning henceforth gets all the detective business in town!"

"Fair enough!" Perry snapped. He was too angry to think, for if he had thought, he would have remembered that he hadn't caught any crooks in several months.

Sam continued, "And just to show you there aren't any hard feelings, here, have some chewing gum!"

"Thanks!" said Perry, grabbing the gum and hurrying off. He'd have to work fast if he was to win. It was already 8:45!

Sam wasn't worried, because the chewing gum was part of a scheme. He figured that Perry would throw the gum wrapper away, and that he, Sam, would have Perry arrested as a litterbug, thus bringing a lawbreaker to justice and winning the contest.

But Perry fooled him — unwittingly, to be sure. In his haste, he stuck the stick of gum, wrapper and all, in his mouth, and hurried down the street.

Sam was disappointed, but then he figured that Perry wouldn't have time to catch any crooks anyway, and the contest would be declared a draw. In that case, Sam could plot another scheme.

Time ticked on. With only two minutes to go, neither Perry nor Sam had caught a crook — not even a jaywalker.

Perry was desperate. He had a reputation to uphold, even if Sam hadn't caught anybody. It was now or never. He glanced hopefully up and down the street and had a sudden inspiration.

At 8:59 he walked calmly up to Sam and announced, "I've got my lawbreaker!"

"Who? Where?" asked the puzzled Sam.

"I'll show you," replied Perry, hailing a nearby policeman.

"Officer, would you give a ticket to the owner of a car which is parked illegally?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Gladly!" replied the policeman. "Where is the car, and who is the owner?"

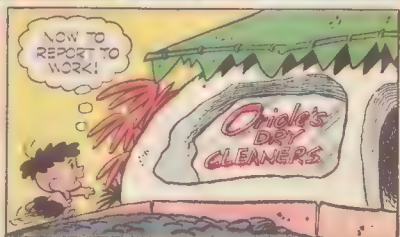
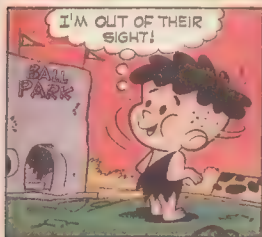
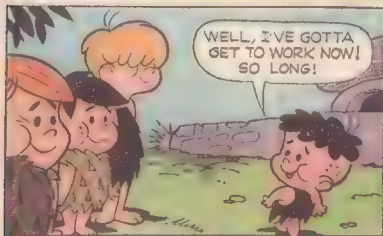
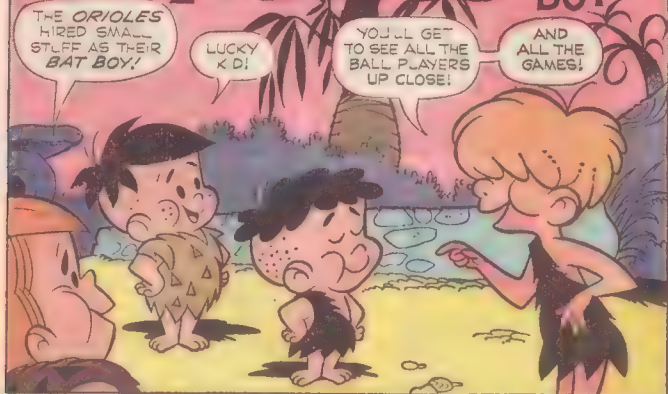
Perry pointed across the street. "See that car? The owner forgot to put money in the parking meter. Well, I'm the owner, so do your duty and give me a ticket!"

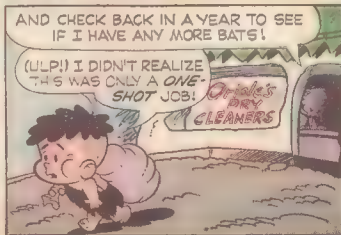
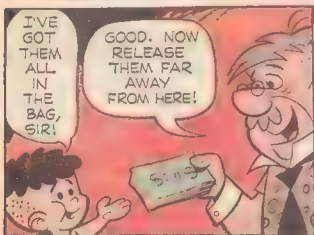
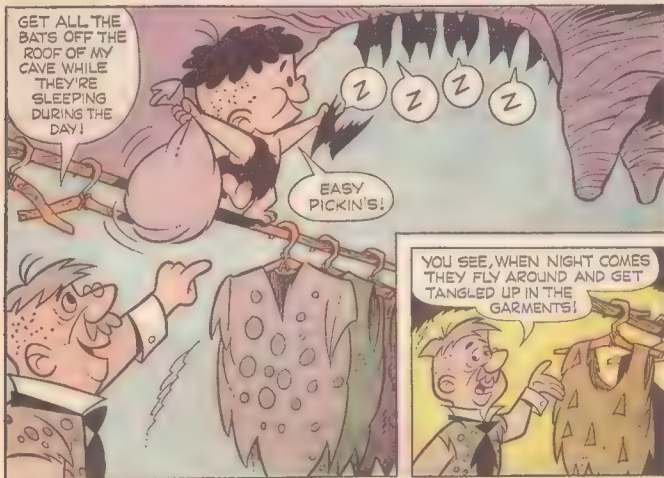
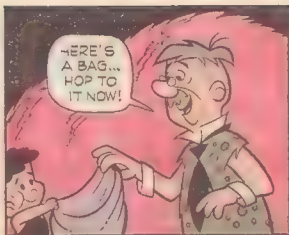
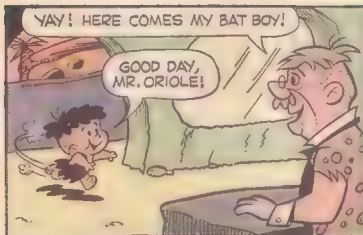
The officer was glad to oblige. So Perry won the contest and upheld his reputation as a fearless and impartial enemy of lawbreakers — even though the one he caught happened to be himself!

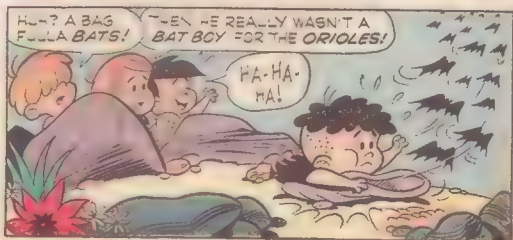
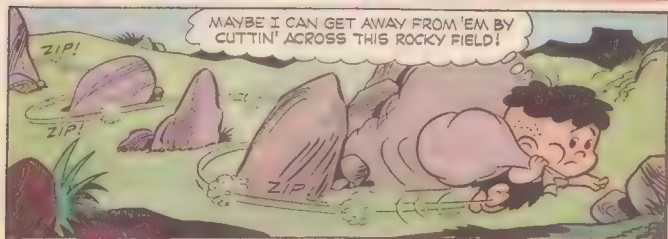
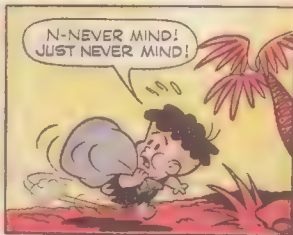
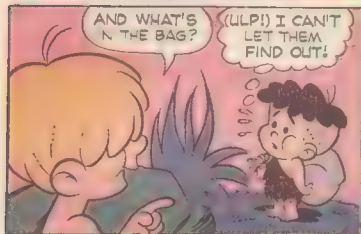
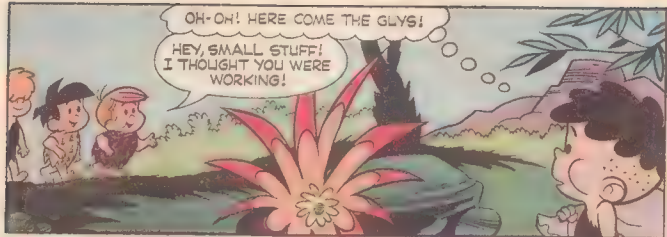
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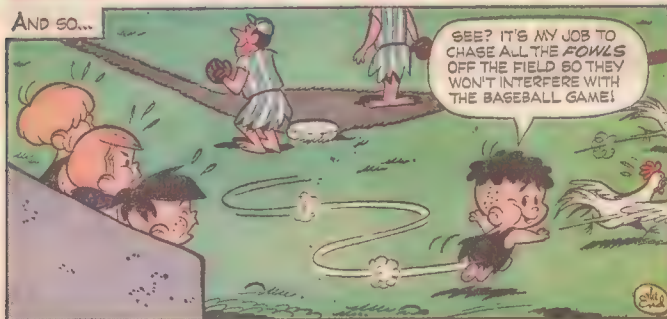
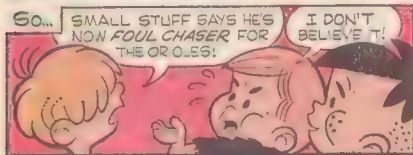
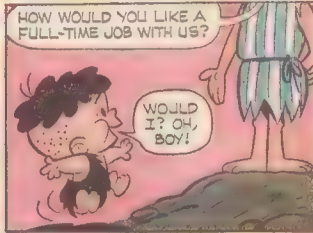
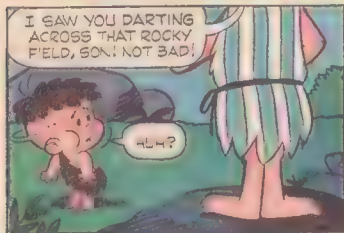
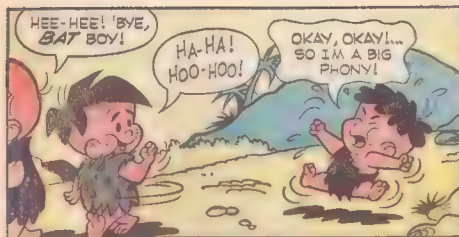
CAVE KIDS

BAT BOY





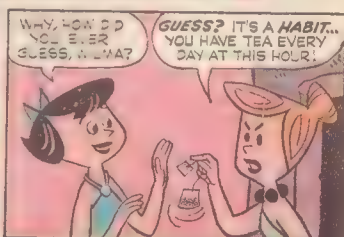
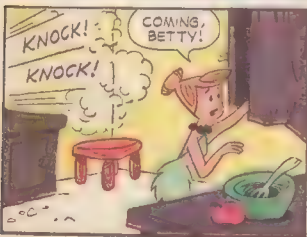
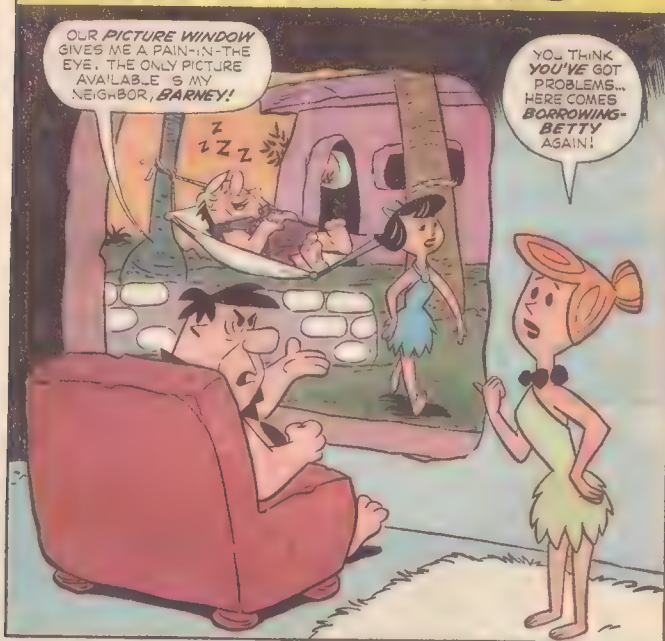


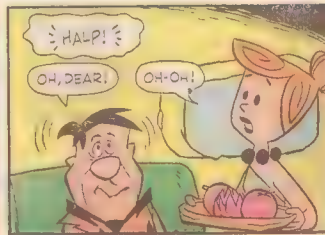
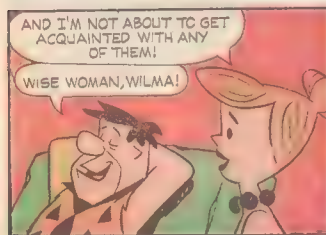
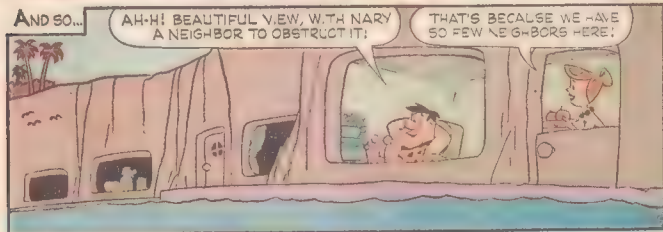
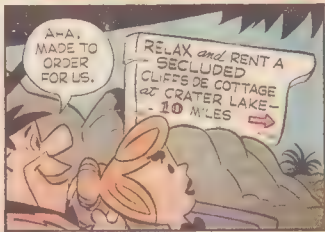
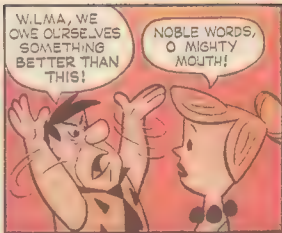
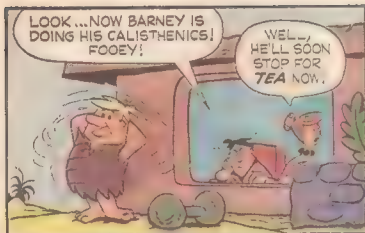


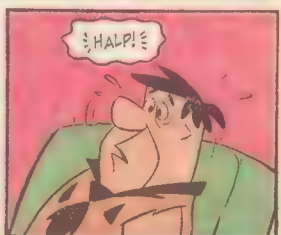
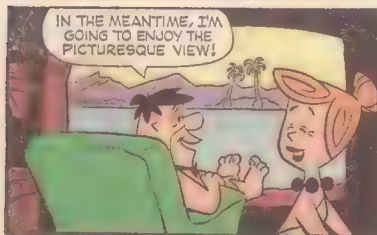
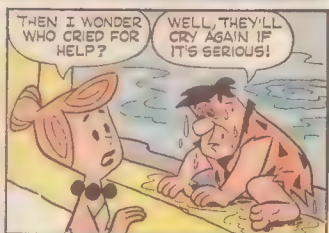
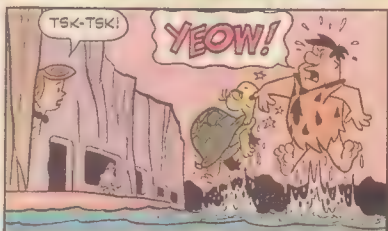
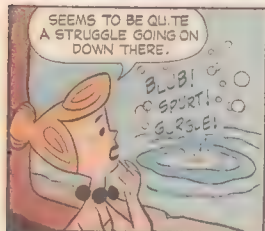
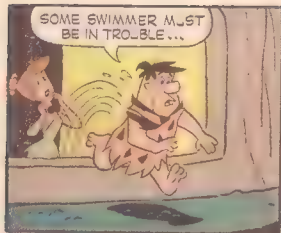
Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
CHANGING SCENES

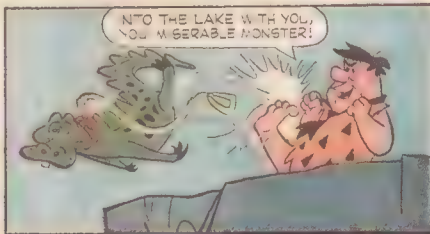
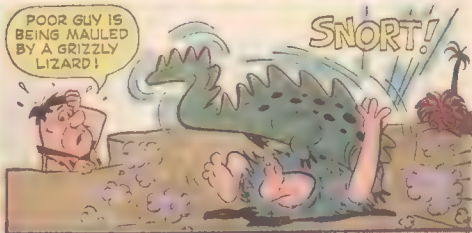
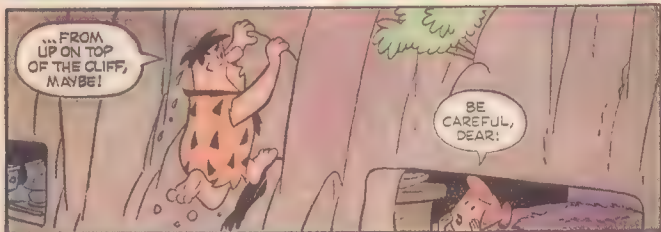
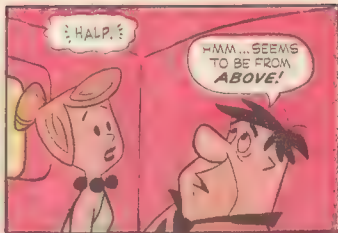
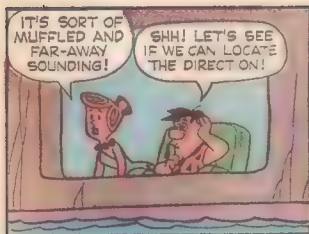
OUR *PICTURE WINDOW* GIVES ME A PAIN-IN-THE EYE. THE ONLY PICTURE AVAILABLE IS MY NEIGHBOR, **BARNEY!**

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS... HERE COMES **BORROWING-BETTY** AGAIN!





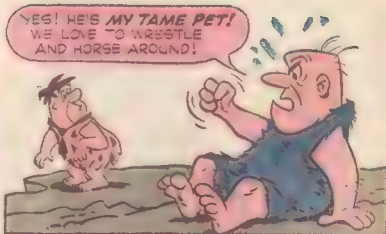




SAY...THAT GRIZZLY LIZARD
WAS WEARING A NICE
LEASH AND COLLAR!



YES! HE'S **MY TAME PET!**
WE LOVE TO WRESTLE
AND HORSE AROUND!

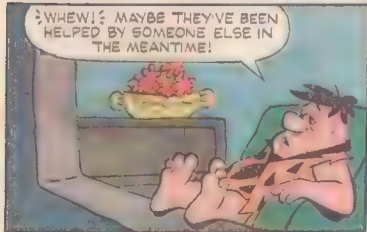


WELL, I JUST MET
ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS
...FACE TO **FIST!**



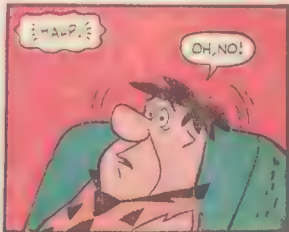
T SURE IS A BIG MYSTERY
WHO'S CALLING FOR HELP.

WHEW! MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN
HELPED BY SOMEONE ELSE IN
THE MEANTIME!



W-A-P.

OH, NO!

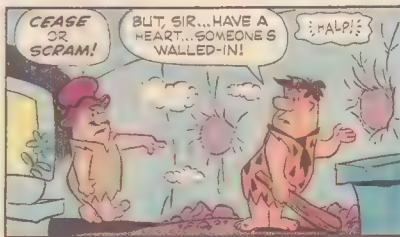
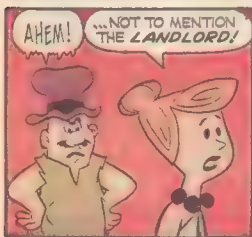
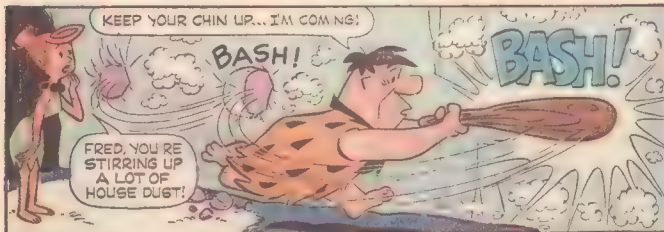
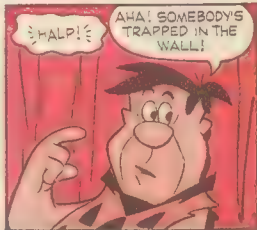
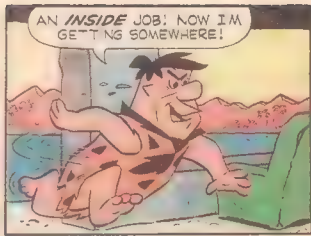
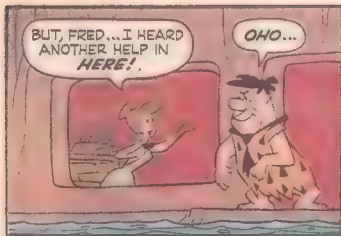


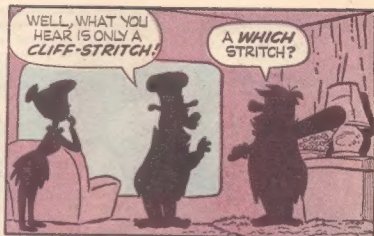
I KNOW...I'LL DASH OUTSIDE
AND SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THE
SOURCE BETTER OUT THERE!

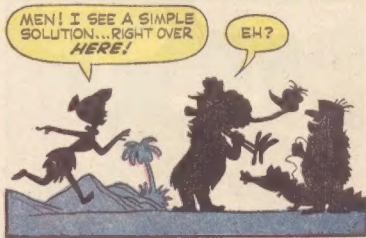
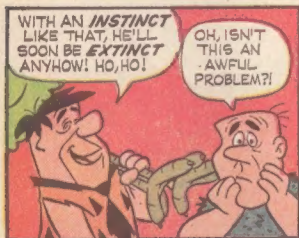


I DON'T HEAR A THING.











A Flintstone Funny

